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## Reign of Terror, part two

Alan Foreman  
*NSU University School*

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## **Reign of Terror**

### **Part Two**

*Alan Foreman*

Los Angeles, present day....

The landscaping and modern control tower of LAX international airport streamed by the landing jet, which rolled to a stop outside of the terminal. One man wearing a black, double breasted suit, stepped off of the plane. He wore circular, wire-rimmed sun glasses and he carried a silver briefcase. His head was shaved and his left ear pierced three times. Looking around several times, he spotted his contacts.

The two men stood beside a metallic green cadillac. The man approached his contacts who met him with smiles and handshakes. The two men each wore charcoal grey suits and silver sun glasses.

"What's the matter?" asked the man. The two standing at the car noticed his thick English accent.

One of the contacts removed his sun glasses and stuttered, "We weren't expecting..."

"A black man?" asked the Englishman.

The contacts seemed embarrassed at his bluntness. "No, as a matter of fact, we were not."

The three entered the car and drove away from the airport. The car was quiet for quite some time until one of the contacts started conversation.

"The American government brought you here because apparently you boys overseas have dealt with a similar problem for a long time."

"Yes," the man started, "our intelligence officers believe that our man has come to America. I am here to work in the field. I will not sit at a desk telling you boys what to do. Just give me files and back me up when I call for you." Again the car was quiet, this time for the rest of their ride.

The car pulled up to the curb in front of the FBI headquarters in Los Angeles. The three exited the car and made the way up the steps of the building. After they spoke with an official for nearly an hour in a small room with a conference desk, the Englishman was accompanied by one of his contacts to a hotel in Pasadena.

Once getting to his room the English officer removed his jacket and opened his briefcase. He stared at his identification for ten minutes. He read it aloud to the empty room. "Walter Varlet, code number 55-3A31, the state of California, temporary pass, expiration date: December 31, 1993." Not much time.

A young woman, maybe twenty years old, showered in her off-campus apartment at the University of California Los Angeles. Draped in nothing but a towel that clung to her wet skin, she sat down in a lounge chair to watch television. William Shatner was talking about a child somewhere in Nebraska who had survived a near fatal accident. A small scratch at the window

startled her. Her cat Beavis wanted to come inside. She cursed the cat as she made her way to the window.

Two seconds later, she was covered in glass. Small cuts all over her body stung like hot coals. She crawled across the floor trying to reach the phone. The figure standing above her mumbled something in Latin and brought his sword down upon her bare body. Beavis received a scratch on the chin once the shadowy man was through with his deed.

TO BE CONTINUED....